



# 20 seconds of courage



117 4 6

## Chapter 1 by Danny Rerucha

You hear a voice. Subtle first, but screaming soon. The radio noise is clear, even with the screaming. Despite fevered protesting, you know what the voice says is true. This night. This moment. Or you'll live to second-guess. You sit in a car. The car doesn't matter. The car sits in a parking lot. The parking lot doesn't matter. You just saw a movie. The movie doesn't matter. In the parking lot, inside the car, you sit next to a girl. This girl matters. You like this girl a lot. You met her 18 months ago. You've been best friends for 17. You talk, you text, you hang out, you have fun. You always have fun. Nothing romantic, but you've thought about romance. You think you've felt it.

## Chapter 2 by Windlion



*Her POV*

You have a feeling. Not too strong yet, but soon you're going to need to pee. Doing something distracting would help.

This night. This moment. Why don't you just do it?

The car matters. It's a vintage Buick, with a bench seat in front and plenty of room in back, hee hee. The parking lot matters. Half the lights are out, and the car is sitting in a dark corner.

The guy really matters. You enjoy being with him and you had a great time dancing at the prom, but after a year and a half you're really beginning to wonder how long you can live with just

being friends. Short shorts haven't worked. Perfume? No. Going to class later is unbelievably no.

See more of Story Wars

You think about jumping i

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 3 by Windlion



*His POV*

You are afraid, but you don't know why. You look at her, and you remember. She's wearing a low cut top and high cut shorts. She's shivering a little.

The voice gets very clear. She is telling you something. You should say what she wants to hear. Trying desperately to remember if you rubbed on some deodorant, you hold out your arm.

"You could — I mean, would you like to scoot over and get warm?" Stupid dork line. She will laugh at you.

She does not. It is more like two magnets snapping together. Her head is on your shoulder, your hand is resting on her arm. Then she turns toward you, lifting her arm across your chest and your hand slips onto her chest

breast.

You feel her head move, looking up at you. You look down. The voice snarls with impatience.

*Kees the girl.*

So, you do.

Someone is rapping on the car window. He is wearing a police uniform.



*Her POV*

You are awash in emotions you can't describe, ricocheting around somewhere between smug satisfaction with your moves, excitement at the feel of his chest on one side and his hand on the other, a line of fire running down from your lips to every hot spot on your body, and a clinically detached thought that as good as it feels, he needs advice on underarm deodorants and more practice kissing.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

This may not have been the smartest idea, too much? You feel his muscles tense. He pulls back from smooch practice.

And then you hear the rapping sound on the window.

## Chapter 4 by Windlion



### *His POV*

The security officer really shook you up! Maybe you drove away from the parking lot a little faster than you should have.

On the street, you realize that emotionally, you are in no condition to drive your father's Buick. You also realize that she is trying to talk to you. You also feel like a complete jackass.

You pull over into a well lighted parking place, put the car in park. Put your head in your hands.

A small half-rational piece of your mind says that you owe the cop big time for saving you from doing a stupid.

You say, "I'm sorry."



### *Her POV*

You are scared half out of your mind! Not the security guard so much, that was just damned inconvenient and so typical of what you have had to deal with lately.

His reaction, though, shit! You think about reaching over and turning off the ignition key.

"Hey, it's okay. It's okay, really! Please stop? We should talk. Please?!"

Amazingly, he does.

Even more amazing, he says he's sorry.

See more of Story Wars

"I'm not," you say softly. "I'm not."

Login

or

Create new account

"It was ... good. I want to, again. Not soon. We need to talk about it first. About us." You grin. "About spaceships. And gardening. And dances. About where ... " you draw a breath, this is a new thought for you also ... "about where you ... about where we are going to college."

Bullseye. Deer in the headlights. Hope you wanted this one, 'cause you've got him.

He is still staring, but the glassy-eyed look is fading into a smile that you really like. You want to jump on him, but it's a little scary to you all of a sudden, so you just shift uncomfortably on the seat.

"May I have one more kiss?" he whispers, and you hear what he doesn't say, that he's on the edge of unknown territory, just like you.

"When we get back to my house," you reply, "On the porch, with my parents watching. I want them to know."

### Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

